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THE LIFE

OF THE

VENERABLE SERVANT OF GOD,

MONSEIGNEUR DUMOULIN BORIE,

BISHOP ELECT OF ACANTHUS,

VICAR APOSTOLIC OF WESTERN TONQUIN,

AND

MARTYR

BY

AUGUSTINE FRANCIS HEWIT,

PRIEST OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE MOST HOLY REDEEMER.

Permissu Superiorum.

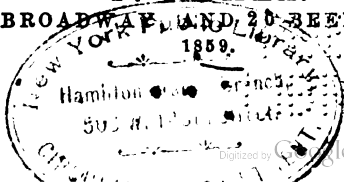
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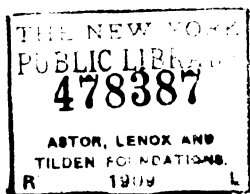
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PROPERTY OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK TO THE

MARTYRS OF THE XIX. CENTURY,

WHO IN AN AGE OF

Indifference, Pride, Luxury and Worldliness,

HAVE SUFFERED TORMENTS AND DEATH FOR

JESUS CHRIST,

AND

HAVE SEALED THE CATHOLIC FAITH WITH THEIR BLOOD,

This Little Book

IS HUMBLY DEDICATED, AS A TRIBUTE OF

THE PROFOUND HOMAGE AND VENERATION OF

THE AUTHOR.

Transfer from Circ. Dep. of Education

PREFACE.

THE following Life of one of the greatest heroes of modern times, has been prepared from the Biography published at Paris under the direction of the Society of Foreign Missions. In all that relates to the personal history of Monseigneur Dumoulin Borie, I have scrupulously adhered to the facts narrated in this Life. The other historical incidents relating to the mission at large, which I have interwoven with the narrative, have been drawn from the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith. I have not, however, confined myself to a translation of

the original, except here and there for a few pages, and have given a new form and dress to the whole work, besides abridging it materially. I trust that it may help a little to draw more attention to Catholic missions; and I should be most happy if the glimpse here afforded of the great works going on in that interesting portion of the globe with which this little book has to do, should inspire some one qualified for the task with the thought of giving us a complete history of the Catholic missions in China, Cochin-China, and the bordering countries.

Every reader must be struck by the contrast between this interesting Annamite mission, which has proved so abundantly fruitful, and the barrenness of Protestant missions. When we call attention to this fact, as a mark of the presence of the Holy Ghost in the Catholic Church, Protestants are wont to represent our missionaries as men merely actuated by the desire of extending the domination of Rome, and satisfied if they can induce their converts to receive baptism and submit to their

authority, without instruction, without any intelligent conversion, or radical change of life. This is one of those hasty and groundless conjectures which our friends are apt to take up, without any knowledge of the facts of the case, and merely for the sake of working themselves out of a difficulty. This little book alone is enough to convince any candid reader of the falsehood of these charges. It is manifest that Monseigneur Borie was animated by no other desire than the salvation of souls; and any person is to be pitied who will not confess that the Annamite Christians are among the best followers of Jesus Christ to be found in the world. So it is with regard to all Catholic missionaries and missions, as any one may convince himself who will read the Lives of our great missionary saints, and the Annals of the missions, published by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. While the entire failure of Protestants to accomplish any great results in the way of missions is becoming daily more manifest even to themselves, the cheering and con-

soling accounts which are pouring in every month from Catholic missions in all parts of the world, afford good reason to hope that the day of salvation is not far distant for the benighted nations of the earth.

CONVENT OF SAINT ALPHONSE, BALTIMORE,
Trinity-Sunday, 1856.

Protestation of the Author.

Whenever the title of Saint or Martyr is employed in this work, or similar expressions are used, the Author declares that he intends such terms to be understood in conformity with the decree of Pope Urban the Eighth.

I.

DUMOULIN BORIE'S EARLY LIFE.

THE glorious martyr, Dumoulin Borie, was born on the twentieth day of February, 1808, in the village of Cors, parish of Beynat, diocess of Tulle, in France. This little village is romantically situated in the lap of a secluded valley, in the mountainous district of Limousin, near the mountain of Roche de Vic. Dumoulin's parents were Guillaume Pradel Borie and Rose Labrunie, pious and respectable people of the middle class. M. Borie died before his son was ordained priest, but Madame Borie, more

illustrious in the eyes of all true Christians than a Montmorency or a Bourbon, as the mother of a noble martyr, still lives. The father of our hero was the proprietor of the mill of Cors, where his illustrious son was born; and from this circumstance the prefix Dumoulin was joined to his family name, Borie. He received in baptism the names of Pierre Rose Ursule, and his godfather was a paternal uncle, a learned and excellent priest, the pastor of the neighboring parish of Sionniac. Only one day's journey from Cors was the residence of Madame Perboyre, the mother of two missionaries, one of whom, Louis Perboyre, a Lazarist, died on his passage to China; the other, Gabriel, also a Lazarist, received the crown of martyrdom at Houpè, in China.

The little Dumoulin developed already in his infancy that noble stature and symmetry of proportions which was afterwards the most remarkable trait in his appearance,

and obtained for him from the Annamites the name of Cao, or the Noble. In his early childhood he exhibited a great force of character, mingled with a most engaging mildness, and these remained always his predominant qualities through life. As an instance of this, it is related that when he was three years old, a maid-servant accidentally poured scalding water on his arm, which the future martyr bore without a shriek or a complaint, merely shedding a few quiet tears without any outcry, and saying in a gentle tone, as his sleeve was taken off, bringing with it the entire skin of his arm, "Oh! how you hurt me."

As soon as he was old enough to learn, his uncle, the parish priest of Sionniac, took him to live with him, and directed his early education. This excellent clergyman, who had been a steadfast confessor of the faith, even so far as to suffer exile during the French Revolution, was extremely attached

to his little godson. Dumoulin returned this affection with all the gratitude of his warm and generous heart, and, as we shall see, his memory reverted fondly to his dear uncle amid the sufferings of his martyrdom. The little Pierre was full of talent and amiability, and speedily became a great favorite with all the villagers. In the church he was very devout, and he manifested a tender piety, especially toward the Blessed Virgin Mary, in whose honor he was wont often to repeat the hymn *Ave Maris Stella*. His memory was so good that he could often repeat entire sermons. He was also fond of imitating ecclesiastical ceremonies in his play; and from these indications of an early vocation, many prognosticated that he would one day become a priest. Nevertheless, our little Pierre was by no means an angel, but a lively and frolicsome little boy, and much fonder of play than of study. We do not see in him one of those saints, like St. Aloy-

sius, St. Stanislaus, or St. Francis of Sales, in whom the Holy Ghost prevents, by his extraordinary grace, the usual follies and faults of childhood and youth. His early history shows a mixture of great faults and of noble and virtuous impulses. Nature and grace had a great strife in his bosom. He was often lured from the straight path by the voice of temptation, and in great danger of being entirely lost. It does not appear that he ever did anything which could stain his character in the eyes of the world, much less that he gave himself up to any habitual courses of sin. Still he vacillated for a long time between grace and temptation, and his thorough and final conversion was a long and gradual process which was not fully achieved without many and severe interior struggles. We shall see hereafter what bitter tears of contrition he shed over the sins and follies of his youth, and how he rejoiced at the opportunity which God gave him to wipe

them out with his blood. From his example we learn how patient and benignant Almighty God is with those whom he calls to his service, and how wonderfully his grace obtains the final mastery over their hearts, in spite of the hindrances which their sins place in his way. Many, who are bitterly conscious of the sins and errors of their youth, and discouraged by the strength of their temptations, and yet strongly moved by the impulses of grace, to devote themselves to God, may take courage by seeing how a wayward youth like Dumoulin Borie, became an apostle, a martyr, and one of the chief glories of the Christian religion in the nineteenth century.

After some time the Abbé Borie thought it best to send his nephew to the Public School or College of Beaulieu. Here a decided change for the worse took place in him, and he lost much of that piety and docility which he had in his childhood. His

uncle, who knew how to practice severity as well as kindness, was often obliged to punish him. On one occasion, having been detected in stealing fruit, he was tried and condemned by his uncle with great formality; and as a punishment, was conducted through the village with his hands tied, to the house of the villager whom he had robbed, and obliged to ask pardon on his knees. Little Pierre did not relish this way of administering justice; and though he never stole fruit any more, yet having perpetrated some offence of another kind not long after, he resolved to escape punishment by a stratagem. He concealed himself in some straw not far from the rectory, and waited there to enjoy the alarm which his absence must soon create in the whole house. After a long and fruitless search, his uncle, suspecting the truth, proclaimed in a loud voice that if he would quit his concealment he should be forgiven. The mischievous boy

waited some time longer to enjoy the sight of his uncle's anxiety and perplexity ; but finding at length his confinement irksome, and reflecting that he must sooner or later emerge from it, he sprang quickly out from the heap of straw, and threw his arms around his uncle's neck, exclaiming, " Be a man of your word ; be a man of your word ! " Of course his uncle let him off with a gentle reprimand.

The society of bad boys, and the reading of idle and pernicious books, with all the other noxious influences of a great public school, continued to exert a baneful effect upon Pierre. Yet, with all his faults, the generosity and amiability of his disposition won the love of all. He was remarkable for his charity to the poor, to whom he usually gave all his pocket-money and sometimes even the dinner which he took with him to the school. On one occasion he rescued a drowning child, at the

imminent risk of his life. He continued in the school at Beaulieu until his fifteenth year, when he finished the third class with honor, taking several prizes.

He was now, at his own request, removed from the school, and prosecuted his studies under the direction of the parish priest of Beynat. He applied himself quite well to study, though a remnant of his old fault of indolence still hung about him. This period was the most dangerous one of his life. The impulses of passion were strong within his ardent and susceptible bosom, and the wily serpent of temptation continually beset his path. He was very fond of society and amusement, and he formed an attachment which gave great uneasiness to his family, and threatened to have disastrous consequences. An incident which occurred at this time, shows the power which conscience possessed over the passionate and wayward but magnanimous youth. He came one day

to his mother, and having requested a private interview with her, desired her to promise that she would grant him a favor which he was about to ask. She insisted on knowing what it was, before she would promise. Upon this he began to weep and sob so bitterly, that his mother was terror-stricken, supposing that he had committed some highly criminal act. Nevertheless, overcome by his tears, she gave the required promise, and Dumoulin then told her with great sorrow and humility that he had stolen two *sous* from his father, and wished her to tell him of it.

Dumoulin's parents finding that Beynat furnished too many temptations to their son, soon after sent him to the Little Seminary of Servierès, under the direction of M. l'Abbé Capitaine. During the first part of his residence there, Pierre, who was now a youth of seventeen, did not distinguish himself, either by good conduct or scholarship,

though he made tolerable progress in his studies. He associated most readily with the indolent and irregular portion of the students, and was on the verge of being drawn into faults of much greater magnitude, which would have caused his expulsion from the seminary. The good example and friendly counsels of some of the most virtuous of his companions, however proved so efficacious, that he escaped this danger, and soon after a marked improvement took place in his conduct. This was the turning-point in his life, and from this time forward he shut his ears to the syren voice of temptation. A very severe and dangerous illness at this period produced a most powerful effect upon him. His sufferings and the danger of death caused him to enter into himself and weep bitter tears of compunction over his sins. In his deep distress he demanded if it were possible for him to obtain forgiveness; and when he was pacified by the devout recep-

tion of the sacraments and the instructions of his spiritual father, his contrition took the form of a firm resolution to lead a better life. This resolution he kept when he was restored to health, and from this time he advanced steadily in the path of piety and virtue.

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II.

DUMOULIN BORIE'S PREPARATION FOR THE
MISSIONS.

THE first and most dangerous conflict in the bosom of the young Dumoulin was now ended, and grace had obtained the victory. Another long and painful conflict now began to agitate his heart, respecting his vocation. There were many powerful motives inducing him to become a priest, and yet he felt a strange and almost insurmountable repugnance to the ecclesiastical state. Sometimes he thought of becoming a Trappist; at other times he wished to study medicine. He cher-

ished for a considerable time the plan of going on a foreign mission in the capacity of physician. His father, who saw that he was entirely irresolute, decided at length for him that he should go for the present to the Ecclesiastical Seminary at Tulle, which he accordingly entered in his eighteenth year. During the first year he applied himself to his studies with repugnance, and found no interior peace. It pleased God to conduct him for a time over a path sown thick with thorns, and apparently to withhold the benedictions of his grace from him. These inward conflicts seem to have ceased, however, at the time of his receiving the tonsure, at the end of the first year at the seminary. From this time, his determination to devote himself to the priesthood was fixed; and soon after, it pleased God to manifest to this heroic soul, which had panted so long for some high and unknown sphere of action, the glorious vocation for which he was des-

tined. The reading of the annals of the Propagation of the Faith suggested to him the thought, which soon ripened into a fixed determination, of devoting himself to the foreign missions.

During the second year of his residence at the seminary, M. Dumoulin Borie made the most rapid progress in his studies and in the spiritual life. He soon became the model of all ecclesiastical virtues to his companions, and the edification of the faithful who were witnesses of his holy life. Having surmounted his first difficulties, he flew rather than walked in the way of perfection; and having found an object to live for, suited to his magnanimous nature, he was at peace with himself.

The first disclosure of his intention to go on a foreign mission was made by the young Abbé Borie to his little sister Julie. This sister was very dear to him, on account of a special inclination to devotion which he ob-

served in her. She made her first communion during one of his vacations, and he devoted himself with the most tender interest and zeal to prepare her for this great and blessed act. On the Sunday evening of her communion, after having conversed with her a long time, he ended with these words: "You know how much I love you, my little Julie! yet I could wish that the news might be brought to me this very night that you must die." "Many thanks for your kind wish, dear brother!" "Surely, my dear sister, for I believe you could now appear with confidence before the tribunal of God, but later, I cannot tell. I cannot remain always here to guide you, and you cannot follow me where I am going." "Where will you go, then? explain yourself." Just then Madame Borie called her little daughter; but she waited for her brother's answer, and did not go. "Go, sister," said the young Abbé in a serious tone of voice; "obedience is the

first virtue, wait until to-morrow." It may easily be imagined that little Julie renewed the conversation the next day, and then her brother told her his intention to go on a foreign mission, and exhorted her tenderly to persevere in the love of God, when he should be far away. Happy Julie, to have such a brother to teach your young heart the love of Jesus Christ, and to offer a martyr's prayer for you before the throne of God!

Little Julie soon made this grand secret known to the whole family; but as the time was far off, and they did not believe that Pierre would really go, it occasioned no uneasiness.

The Abbé Borie, who had already received the minor orders, returned to the seminary after this vacation, in order to complete his third year. But a few days after his return, he was suddenly called home to be present at the death-bed of his worthy father.

The good old man died like a patriarch with his numerous family surrounding his bed side to receive his last blessing. His noble son, the chosen martyr of Jesus Christ, prepared him to receive the Last Sacraments, and he expired in his arms. After the funeral was over, and Dumoulin had consoled his mother and his young brothers and sisters who now looked to him as their earthly stay and support, he returned to Tulle. During this year, his progress in science and in virtue was even more rapid than in the preceding one, and at the end of it he was ordained sub-deacon, on the twelfth of June, 1829.

Although M. Borie felt a tender affection and a deep sympathy for his mother and his younger brothers and sisters, yet he never wavered in his purpose of leaving them, in order to preach the faith of Christ to the heathen. During this entire year he prepared himself in every possible way for the

foreign missions. He made a most solemn oblation and consecration of himself to God under the auspices of the Blessed Virgin Mary, to serve on the missions, and to shed his blood for the faith, begging of God, through the intercession of our blessed Lady, to grant him the palm of martyrdom. This heroic act of self-oblation was made by M. Dumoulin Borie on the occasion of his receiving the scapular of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. The formula which he wrote out at that time was found sewed up in his scapular after his death, and sent to France with other relics. It is written in Latin, dated March 25, 1829, and countersigned by M. Mareille, Superior of the Seminary of Tulle, and several other friends of the young Abbé. The authentic Latin text may be found in the French and German biographies of Mgr. Borie. The following is an exact translation of it:

"A. M. D. G.

"O most Noble Daughter of the Eternal Father, Light of the Church, Queen of the Clergy, Hope of the Faithful, Haven of those who are in danger of shipwreck, Chaste and Immaculate Mother of the Saviour, and Virgin Mary; I, Peter Rose Ursula Dumoulin Borie, a clergyman in minor orders, (although unworthy to serve you,) confiding in the clemency of your maternal heart, choose you this day for my Mother, my Lady, my Patron and Advocate, and I most firmly determine and sincerely declare, that I will perpetually and faithfully serve you and your Son, and do all in my power to increase your honor and veneration among all persons.

"To you, O most blessed Luminary, I raise my eyes, amid the unstable fluctuations of my own heart; receive me therefore as your perpetual servant. Direct my steps, and obtain for me that profound humility and con-

tempt of myself, which is the guardian of chastity, that the world may be truly crucified to me, and I to it. Remember your servant, whom you have condescended to receive this day under your care and protection ; pray for me to your Son, Jesus Christ, that by His grace I may overcome the infirmity of my flesh, may no longer serve my passions, and may be adorned with all those virtues, which I, a most miserable sinner, behold in you : that I may be prudent in counsel, constant in danger, patient in trouble, humble in prosperity : that I may be confirmed in the purpose formed long ago of devoting myself entirely to the conversion of infidels : that I may walk in the spirit of this supernal vocation : and at length, O benign Mother, cause that, after suffering contumelies for the name of Jesus, I may, if it please you, merit to arrive at the desired haven of the celestial country, **BY THE PALM OF MARTYRDOM. Amen."**

MARCH 25, 1829.

It is a matter of course that such a magnanimous and heroic soul, thirsting only for martyrdom in the cause of Jesus Christ, found few to sympathize with him. It is one of the crosses of those who act from disinterested and supernatural motives, that they find few sympathizing hearts. When one leaves his family and exposes himself to hardships and dangers for the sake of wealth or military glory, his friends and the world understand and applaud his conduct; but to leave friends and home, to give up wealth and comfort, and to sacrifice health and life for the sake of Jesus Christ and for the kingdom of heaven, is something which even the majority of good, pious people cannot comprehend. A youth who takes Jesus Christ at his word and wishes to give up all to follow him, usually finds the most violent opposition from his family, and especially from his parents. This is even the case where

they are exemplary Christians, as we see in the example of St. Francis of Sales, and St. Alphonsus. Mere natural affection, unless it is elevated and hallowed by a principle of divine charity, or the pure love of God, is found to be a poor thing when thoroughly put to the test; it is jealous, self-interested, and often cruel. Even those who have the habitual grace of charity, seldom possess such a high degree of it that their natural affections are perfectly subordinate to the love of God. When a sacrifice is exacted, the heart contends with God, and only after a long and violent struggle submits to his superior claim.

M. Dumoulin Borie had to go through a most painful and heart-rending struggle with his family when the moment came for actually carrying out his purpose. Even his uncle, perhaps because he wished to try the firmness of his nephew's spirit, sided with the rest. Dumoulin was a youth of most

affectionate and tender feelings, and he acted throughout in a most considerate and filial manner toward his widowed mother. Still, he never wavered in his purpose, and his family, seeing that their tears and expostulations were useless, at length gave their consent to his departure. In order to spare himself and them the pain of a parting scene, M. Borie secretly left his mother's house in the middle of the night, on the first of October, 1829, and bidding a final adieu to the sweet, secluded valley of his birth and childhood, resolutely turned his steps toward the College of Foreign Missions, at Paris.

It is but just to say that M. Borie's family were afterward grateful to God for the happiness of having given such a noble missionary and martyr to the church; and allusion is elsewhere made to the fact that one of his brothers afterward followed his example.

The Abbé Dumoulin Borie remained thirteen months at the Missionary College of

Paris, preparing himself for his future labors. During this time he underwent two painful surgical operations with a degree of fortitude which augured well for his future prospects as a candidate for tortures and death among the heathen. Another characteristic incident showed the boldness and daring which was native to him. During the revolution of the three days of July, 1830, he went into the streets, dressed as a hunter, to get a near view of the fighting. His lofty stature, which frequently brought him into trouble afterward, made him an object of attention, and being supposed to be a Swiss guardsman in disguise, he would have been shot, if some one had not cried out to the crowd that his accent was not that of a Swiss.

On the 27th of March, 1830, M. Dumoulin Borie was ordained deacon, and on the 2d of November he started for his mission, with the intention of receiving the priesthood at

Pondicherry, as he was only in his twenty-third year, and consequently had not attained the canonical age. A dispatch, however, overtook him at Havre, containing a dispensation and an order to receive the priesthood at once, which he accordingly did, at Bayeux, on the 21st of November, at the hands of Monseigneur Dancel.

On the first of December he sailed in company with several other missionaries, on board the ship "La France," and bidding a final adieu to his native shore, after a pleasant and prosperous voyage, reached Macao, on the 15th of July, 1831.

III.

DUMOULIN BORIE'S MISSIONARY LIFE.

THE kingdoms of Cochin-China and Tonquin, formerly united under the common appellation of Annam, embrace a large and populous region of country, lying south of the Chinese Empire, east of Burmah and Siam, and west of the Chinese Sea. These kingdoms are governed by one despotic sovereign, whose royal residence is the city of Hue, called also Phu-Xuan. Catholic Christianity flourishes in the highest degree in these kingdoms, and at the time of which our narrative treats, the number of Christians was

estimated at half a million. These were governed by several Vicars Apostolic possessing the Episcopal character, assisted by a number of European priests who exercised also a quasi-episcopal jurisdiction over large districts of country, and a tolerably numerous native clergy to whom the care of the single parishes was confided. Colleges, schools and convents had been established in different parts of the country. When M. Dumoulin Borie, who had been appointed to this mission, reached Macao, the first prognostics of a fearful persecution were beginning to alarm the minds of the Annamite Christians. The sovereign of the country, at that time, was a terrible tyrant named Minh-Menh, who came to the throne in the year 1820, and who is worthy to be compared to a Nero, a Domitian, or a Henry VIII.

This able but cruel prince was endowed by nature with the most eminent qualities,

which might have made him one of the greatest sovereigns of his time. He possessed a fine and sagacious mind, a deep policy, and a firm, unbending will; he was capable of great undertakings; but all these advantages were nullified and rendered injurious to himself and his subjects by his unrestrained and licentious passions. Having gained the throne by unjustly putting aside the rightful heir, he considered the missionaries and his native Christian subjects as necessarily hostile to him. Besides this, the strict morality of the Catholic Church, which condemns so severely the impure crimes universally prevalent among the heathen, and never grants even a temporary toleration to polygamy, was hateful to the licentious monarch. He had, moreover, formed a political scheme for blending the two nations under his sway, whose manners and customs are very different, and whose feelings toward each other are very hostile, into one nation,

with a perfect uniformity of religion and manners, and thus centralizing his power. He regarded the Europeans as barbarians, and as foreign intruders, who interposed the chief obstacle to the fulfilment of his ambitious plans, and who were to be gotten rid of at all hazards.

As illustrations of the cruelty of this human tiger, it is related that he once threw his handkerchief into the arena where wild beasts were contending, and ordered a soldier to go and bring it out; and that, having in a moment of panic caused his jewels to be buried by a young girl, he murdered her, that she might not betray the secret. When he was not satisfied with the rate of speed at which his ships sailed, he punished them with the cangue, and caused medicine to be rammed down the throats of his cannon, saying that they were sick from the fatigue they had undergone in the wars. Such was the character of Minh-Menh, the amiable

and philosophical ruler of Cochin-China and Tonquin. Nevertheless, he was not altogether unacquainted with Christianity. He had read a good deal in the New Testament, and had held frequent conversations with one of the French missionaries. After he had put M. Gagelin, a French priest, to death, he was terribly alarmed lest he should rise again on the third day, like Jesus Christ, and he accordingly watched his body with the greatest care. Mingled with his ferocious hatred of the religion of Jesus was a terrible apprehension of his vengeance, and a great dread of the missionaries and of the French nation. It is easy to see that such a man might be expected to emulate the imperial monsters of Rome, who were the first persecutors of Christianity.

Things being in this state, and all minds foreboding the breaking out of a terrible persecution, M. Dumoulin Borie was detained for a considerable time at Macao, waiting for

news, and for a favorable opportunity of penetrating into Tonquin. Finally a messenger arrived, bringing the intelligence that Mgr. Longer, Bishop of Gortyna, who had labored as a missionary for fifty-five years, and as Vicar-Apostolic for thirty-nine, had died; that one of the French missionaries was sick, two Annamite priests were dead, three others had been arrested and forced to purchase their liberty, a number of Christians had already been persecuted and condemned by the tribunals, and the whole prospect was dark and disheartening. Such was the perspective which hailed our young missionary at the outset of his career, but which had no power to damp his courage or appal his stout heart.

On the 27th of January, 1832, he embarked on a Chinese junk, with three other French priests. One of his companions was M. Molin, of the diocess of Meaux, destined for the mission of Tonquin, who was drowned

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three years after, while crossing a river. The others, who were destined for Cochin-China, were M. Lamotte, of the diocess of Coutances, who died in prison for the faith, October 3, 1840, and M. Vialle, of the diocess of Aix, who died September 17, 1838, in a wilderness where he had fled for refuge from his persecutors. The voyage was safe and pleasant as far as the boundaries of the Annamite kingdom. As all Europeans had been forbidden to enter the realm since the year 1825, it was only with the greatest difficulty and danger, and by the use of many stratagems, that they were able to avoid detection and arrest. They arrived, however, in safety, at Saigon, the principal city of Lower Cochin-China, where they were entertained in a missionary college near the city, and had the happiness of seeing Mgr. Tabert, the Vicar Apostolic of Cochin-China, and several other French missionaries. From thence they prosecuted their dangerous jour-

ney to the village Yen-Minh, in the immediate neighborhood of the royal residence of Hue. At this time all the Christian inhabitants of the neighboring village of Duong-Sou, seventy-three in number, were in prison. The celebrated missionary, M. Jaccard, who was residing in that village, had also been at one time imprisoned, but again set at liberty. It was he who gave a copy of the New Testament to Minh-Menh; and this monarch, who was, as has been already observed, a man of extraordinary intelligence, often sent for him to his capital, to translate French and English works for him. He suffered martyrdom by strangulation, Sept. 27, 1838.

M. Jaccard, who had a high opinion of the good sense and political wisdom of Minh-Menh, did not anticipate that he would undertake the extirpation of a religion professed by five hundred thousand of his subjects. He was accustomed to say: "The cannon of Cochin-China make a great noise,

and do little harm." The event proved that he was mistaken. The chief of the village Duong-Sou was strangled ; several others were banished, and the remainder sentenced to carry for three months the cangue, a heavy yoke formed of two pieces of wood of eight or nine feet long, connected at the ends by two cross-pieces, and having two others near the middle for the head and neck to pass through. This was a bad omen for what was to follow.

After a few days M. Dumoulin Borie left Yen-Minh, and finally, on the 15th of May, 1832, eighteen months after his departure from France, reached the place of his destination, which was Xu-Nghe, a province of Western Tonquin.

The principal missionary of this province was M. Masson, who had been in the field since 1824. This excellent missionary escaped in a wonderful way all the dangers of the subsequent persecution, and, as far as the

writer knows, is still laboring in Tonquin. He gave M. Dumoulin Borie a hearty and apostolic welcome. For some time they lived together in the most intimate friendship, and the young missionary commenced at once preparing himself for his duties under the instruction of M. Masson. His zeal and application were so great, that in three months he was able to hear confessions, and in six to catechise, preach, and perform all other priestly functions. He accommodated himself with surprising facility to the diet and manners of the people of the country. Nothing pleases the native Christians so much as to see a missionary make himself a Tonquinese. M. Borie did this; and this fact, combined with his gay and agreeable temper, and his remarkable power of adapting himself to different characters and dispositions, made him extremely popular. He was very soon capable of making missionary tours alone, though great caution was necessary. There

was already a rumor in circulation that a decree of persecution had been drawn up, though nothing was yet officially proclaimed. M. Borie, whose courage and confidence in God made him perfectly fearless, troubled himself very little about these rumors, and did not allow them to restrain his zeal. Where the safety of others was involved, he took the proper precautions; but the following incident will show how regardless he was of personal danger.

An Annamite priest offered M. Masson a covered vessel, to make a visit to a Christian community. M. Borie accompanied him; and as they debarked at a certain point of their journey to make part of it on foot, he lingered considerably behind M. Masson. The latter saw just then a Mandarin approaching with a numerous suite, and made a sign as well as he could to M. Borie to take a side-path and escape the Mandarin's notice. Although he understood the signal,

yet as he had a great desire to get a near view of the Mandarin, he did not regard it, but kept on the public road. His tall stature and bold bearing seem to have imposed greatly on these Tonquinese gentlemen; for although M. Masson was trembling with apprehension for his safety, they passed on without molesting him.

The European priests, as was remarked above, exercise a sort of quasi-episcopal jurisdiction under the Vicars Apostolic—like the chor-episcopi of early times, or the rural deans of some large European dioceses. As the congregations are very scattered, they can have no fixed abode; but each one has a large number of native priests with their flocks under his supervision, and passes most of his time in visitations.

Some remarks may not be out of place here in regard to this native clergy which forms a peculiar feature in the Annamite mission.

The author of the French biography of Mgr. Dumoulin Borie has appended to it a treatise on missions, chiefly devoted to a review of the advantages of such a clergy, the difficulties in the way of forming it, and the views and measures of the Holy See in regard to it. He shows at some length, that the apostles themselves generally established in every nation where they founded churches, a hierarchy formed of converts from heathenism. He also shows that the Popes have frequently issued stringent orders to the bishops and other superiors of missions, to form at once as large a body of native clergy as possible; and have pronounced all the objections and difficulties which have been raised against this course to be null and futile. Innocent XI. wrote to Mgr. Pallu, that it would give him more pleasure to hear that he had ordained one native priest from the converts from heathenism, than that he had baptized fifty thousand infidels. The

learned author, who evidently utters the sentiments of the heads of the great Missionary College at Paris, considers this measure essential to the success of missions. He attributes the speedy disappearance of the numerous and flourishing Christian communities once existing in Japan and other heathen countries, to the want of an indigenous priesthood. On the contrary, he shows that the Annamite Church has been preserved and increased, during the long period of persecution commenced by Minh-Menh, and continuing to the present day, by the native clergy. What has been said of the Annamite mission is also applicable to that of China. It appears also that the Vicars Apostolic, and other missionaries in every part of the world, are now generally convinced of the necessity of carrying out the policy strenuously inculcated by the Holy See from the beginning; and are bending all their efforts to the foundation of colleges and

seminaries, and the formation of an indigenous priesthood in every country. The fruits of these labors will probably soon become visible in the brilliant success of Catholic missions in heathen countries.

To return to our narrative: the heavy lowering clouds of persecution, which had been slowly ascending from the horizon, and spreading deeper and deeper gloom over the infant church of Annam, at length united, and the storm burst upon these timid and helpless Christians. But though they were timid, they were sincere disciples of Jesus Christ, and they had lion-hearted men at their head.

Minh-Menh issued his declaration of war against Jesus Christ and his Church, on the sixth of January, 1833. On the very day of the Epiphany, when Christ manifested himself to the Gentiles, this modern Nero, in the name of his master Satan, issued his decree for the extirpation of the religion of

Jesus from his dominions. Twenty-three years have now passed since that event, and what has been the result of this conflict? The tyrant has given a new constellation of martyrs and saints to the glorious firmament of the Church; he has watered and fructified the soil of his dominions with the precious blood that he has spilled; he has perished miserably himself; and Christianity is now more flourishing in his kingdom than it was before he began to persecute it. So it must ever be. *For stronger is he that is in us, than he that is in the world.*

The despot of Phu-Xuan did not issue his bloody decrees without a great inward struggle, and many fears and misgivings. In order to give some show of justice to his proceedings, he assembled a council of his principal office-holders—a body of men very properly compared to the Senate of Tiberius. They knew the blood-thirsty desires of their master, and gave their counsel accordingly. At

the end of the long report which they drew up, they conclude with the following edifying profession of humility: "So far as we are concerned, we are only worthless men. We have investigated the matter and found it to be thus. Have we determined well or ill?"

His Annamite Majesty received the advice of his councillors in the same way that Henry VIII. did the decisions of his spiritual father Cranmer, and the recommendations of the disinterested Cromwell. He found them excellent; he thanked them graciously for their advice, and issued the following decree:

"I, The King Minh-Menh, declare as follows: Already now during many years past, there have been men here from the West, who preach THE RELIGION OF JESUS, and delude the common people, teaching that there is a place of the highest felicity, and a prison of the most frightful misery. They have no

reverence for the god Phat, and do not worship the ancestors. That is indeed a great offence against the Principal Religion. Besides, they build houses for religious worship, where they collect great numbers of people in order to seduce the women and young girls (a calumny of ancient as well as modern heathen); and, moreover, they tear out the eyes of the dying. Can there be anything more contrary to reason and the usages than this? During the last year We punished two villages which had adopted this doctrine—Mong-Phu, and Duong-Sou; and Our intention was to make thereby Our will known, that every body should avoid this crime and return to the right way. Let every one know what We now think! Although the number is very large of those who through ignorance have embraced this religion, there is still good sense enough left in them to know what is proper and what is improper, and therefore it will be an easy matter to

make all things right by giving them instruction; therefore it is necessary to teach and warn them first, and if they remain obstinate, chastisements and the punishment of death must follow.

“Wherefore, We command all those who adhere to this religion, from the Mandarin to the lowest of the people, to renounce it entirely, if they acknowledge and dread Our might; and We desire that all the Mandarins should institute careful inquiries within their respective circuits, to ascertain whether the Christians yield a voluntary obedience to Our decree, and that they compel them to trample on the Cross in their presence. If they do that, they shall be pardoned. In regard to the temples and the dwellings of the priests, the Mandarins must take care that they are razed from their foundations; for if any one shall hereafter enter them, or shall be accused of having practised these detestable ceremonies, he shall be punished

with the most extreme severity, in order that this religion may be eradicated even to its last root.

"These are Our decrees, which We will have punctually fulfilled."

These first acts of open persecution produced a profound sensation in the Christian community of Annam. The Annamites are extremely timid, mild and quiet in their disposition—an amiable and peace-loving people, but destitute of force and firmness of character. Their terror and consternation knew no bounds when their despotic tyrant Minh-Menh declared war against them. In spite of their sympathy with their poor people, the French missionaries could not help being amused at their alarm, and throwing a little dash of humor into their description of the scenes which took place. Yet we shall see that although some apostatized, and many, under the pressure of torments, revealed important secrets, yet the great body

of the native priests and people adhered firmly to their faith, and when necessity required, suffered martyrdom for it. As soon as the decree of the sixth of January, 1833, was published, the young native ecclesiastical students were removed from the college, and scattered here and there in different places of concealment. The churches, which were composed of light boards and boughs of trees, were all removed. The priests were obliged to cease the public functions of the ministry, and to wander from one place of concealment to another. Even many of the faithful died without receiving the last sacraments. The following letter of M. Masson gives a lively and interesting description of the events which took place at the outbreak of the persecution :

“Monsieur Borie had been here about eight months when the decree of persecution was promulgated. We were together when the first news of it arrived. The edict was dated

January 6, 1833, but was first made known to us with certainty on the seventeenth of the same month. This news spread an indescribable panic among our Christians, and they were every moment on the look-out for the arrival of the Mandarins; for fear, as every one knows, never listens to reason. We had just sat down to our meal, but they would not even allow us time to eat. The Christians conducted us to a secluded house, to conceal us, where we remained until midnight, and were then obliged to separate from each other, and each one find a hiding-place for himself. Rumor succeeded rumor on this first day, each one more alarming than the preceding. All those who surrounded us trembled at the slightest noise, imagining it was a Mandarin coming to arrest us. Meanwhile, impelled by the same fears, the Christians had torn down all our churches and houses. It is impossible to relate here minutely all the consequences produced by this

first edict of persecution. Yet the panic was groundless, for the Mandarins did not at that time busy themselves about our affairs, and were by no means in a hurry to execute the decree of persecution. The only thing which troubled us was the fear of the calamitous effects likely to follow from this edict of persecution, in regard to us Christians; but I well remember that I never saw M. Borie so joyous and in such good spirits as on this day; so much so indeed, that the master of the house, who trembled in every limb, was almost angry to see us so cheerful and gay amid the general panic.

“About midnight we separated, and each one went to the hiding-place prepared for him. The Christians did not know what to do with us; they received us with fear and trembling into a dark corner of their houses, under the express condition that we should remain there day and night without speaking, and almost without stirring, that the

neighbors might not observe our presence, for at this time they distrusted everybody. As M. Borie's hosts would not keep him longer than the third day, he came to me; but my host was so excessively frightened at seeing two Europeans in his house that he nearly lost his wits. He hid himself somewhere without saying a word to us, and left us alone in his house. Although we had to submit to everykind of privation in regard to food and lodging, and were entirely deprived of fresh air and communication with the exterior world, this made very little impression on me; this compulsory retreat was even in several respects agreeable to me, though I acknowledge that it was very painful to me to find myself a burden to the whole world. This was the hardest of all my trials, at that unhappy time.

“It was quite otherwise however with M. Borie. His gayety and good humor were

never disturbed. When I observed to him what perplexity the Christians were in on our account, and how unpleasantly I felt about it, he answered, laughingly: 'What do you wish that we should do about it? So far as I am concerned, I feel entirely at ease. As we suffer for the good God, so they suffer also for the good God.' I can assure you that in the midst of all the calamities, sufferings, annoyances and privations of every kind which he had to endure in that miserable state of our affairs, I never saw his wonted cheerfulness ruffled, and he was therefore more than once in a condition to administer consolation and encouragement to me. When we saw our poor host so terrified, we were obliged to leave his house and seek our fortune elsewhere. M. Borie went to another village, but remained there only a few days. He thought proper to confide himself to a rich heathen of that place to whom we had rendered essential services

A

some time before, and who in fact consented to hide him in his house. This man acted honorably, but not so his brother, a gambler by profession, who had ruined himself and several others in the village by play. These villains discovered the hiding-place of M. Borie, and determined to betray him. It seems, however, that they merely intended to extort money from him by compelling him to pay a ransom. When M. Borie's host heard of this plot, he caused him to escape secretly without delay, which he accomplished with great difficulty, being pursued by the heathens. He succeeded, however, in escaping to a small Christian village situated in a secluded place between two mountains, where he remained nearly a month, and was less exposed to danger than I was."

After the first month, the Christians recovered a little from their panic. The Mandarins shut their eyes, and only made a feint of persecuting where they hoped to extort

money. As it was dangerous, however, to harbor Europeans, the poor missionary priests found shelter and protection nowhere. By the twenty-fifth of May, M. Borie had changed his hiding-place seventeen times. Painful however as was this state of things, neither the piety of the faithful nor the courage of the missionaries were diminished, though the outward fruits of their zeal were necessarily lessened by the difficulties of the times. During the closing months of 1832, the year preceding the edict, the number of confessions in Western Tonquin was 1032; during the year 1833, the whole number was 1289. The leisure time which was thrown on M. Borie's hands by the impossibility of freely exercising his ministry, he employed in writing letters to Europe. And he interested himself in a particular manner in giving instruction and advice to that little sister of his, of whom mention was made in the first part of his biography.

In spite, however, of M. Borie's resignation to the will of God, his active and enterprising nature soon found the state of compulsory quietude in which he was placed, and the want of sufficient employment for his zeal, altogether insupportable. He was incessantly scheming and laying plans to break through the difficulties which surrounded him, and either find for himself a field of activity at all hazards, or perish in the attempt. We shall see that he was in a measure successful. And in reviewing the history of the five years which elapsed from the beginning of the persecution until his martyrdom, we shall see, that considering the many hindrances with which he had to contend, the results of his labors were truly wonderful.

M. Borie's first plan was, to attempt to penetrate into the kingdom of Laos, which borders on the province of Nghê-An, where Messieurs Masson and Borie were residing.

Here he wished to make a bold attempt to preach the Gospel to the heathen inhabitants of that country. As M. Masson was the superior of the missions in that part of Tonquin, by delegated authority from the Vicar-Apostolic, M. Borie could do nothing without his consent. M. Masson informs us that he was convinced of the physical impossibility of carrying out M. Borie's plan; yet nevertheless he thought proper to give his consent, and M. Borie made the attempt, but after proceeding one day's journey was forced to give it up and return.

Soon after this the Vicar-Apostolic sent him to a most important mission, in which he remained during the rest of his life. On receiving his appointment he made a spiritual retreat with M. Masson, a custom he did not neglect for a single year during his missionary life, and bade a final farewell to his beloved friend and superior, whom he was never again to see in this world. This hum-

ble and devoted missionary was not, like his more favored companion, admitted to the palm of martyrdom. He survived the persecution, and as far as we know still lives, laboring zealously in the same field. Full of the most disinterested love and admiration for M. Borie, whose noble qualities he knew how to appreciate perfectly, he obtained for him the appointment of Bishop of Acanthus and Vicar-Apostolic of Western Tonquin. This appointment was not to take effect, however, until the death of the octogenarian who filled the post at that time; and was accordingly not made known to M. Borie, until after his imprisonment in 1838, so that he was never consecrated. After his death, the choice would have fallen on M. Masson, but his humility induced him to make such strenuous efforts to prevent it; that Mgr. Retord, the truly heroic and apostolic prelate, whose name is so well known to the Catholic world, and who at present gov-

erns this most arduous and interesting mission, was placed by the Holy See in the post vacated by the martyred Dumoulin Bcrie. These events have been anticipated here, to avoid interrupting the narrative hereafter.

The district assigned to Mgr. Borie was called Binh-Chinh, and was a province of Tonquin, situated near the sea, and separated from Cochin-China by the river Gianh. After a heart-rending farewell from M. Masson, he set out on his journey, which was attended by many hardships and dangers. The first part was performed in a boat; and on one occasion as he was obliged to pass a toll-house where his vessel would have to undergo an examination, it happened that a party of natives came up and set the toll-house on fire, so that in the confusion he passed by unnoticed. The next day he continued his journey in a closed palanquin, and on foot. Once he met some soldiers, and at another time a Mandarin. Each time

he entered his palanquin, covered himself entirely and feigned to be asleep, and so passed unmolested. On the twenty fifth of July, 1833, he arrived at Binh-Chinh.

This district, now confided to his care, contained seven native priests and twenty thousand Christians. They had great need of a chief pastor like Mgr. Borie, and they welcomed him as an angel from heaven, for the persecution raged among them more violently than elsewhere. The Mandarins were in a state of disunion and mutual hostility, which caused each party to fear to neglect the orders of the King. Generally speaking they were satisfied with scourging and otherwise torturing the Christians who were brought before them. Several, however, suffered martyrdom during this year, among whom was Father Tuy, a native priest, who was prepared for death and encouraged in his last combat by Mgr. Borie.

During this painful and calamitous year,

Mgr. Borie aided by the zealous and pious Tonquinese priests, was able to prevent the cause of Christianity from suffering any loss or going backward, as might have been feared.

The year 1834 commenced under better auspices. The Mandarins disliked the task of persecution, and were disposed to shut their eyes to the doings of the Christians, as long as they kept themselves out of sight. The government, however, were by no means willing to let the edict become in this way a dead letter. Wishing to give fresh impetus to the work of persecution, they published a new edict, requiring from all Christians a written abjuration of their religion. In carrying out this edict they made use of great cunning, employing ambiguous formularies, which some Christians thought they might sign with a safe conscience. Though they did this without any intention of apostacy, they were proclaimed

by the Mandarins apostates, to the great scandal of religion. The more clear-sighted and courageous avoided all these snares by refusing to sign anything. During this year thirty Christians were tortured in Mgr. Borie's district, and not one of them denied his faith. In general the storm was less violent in Binh-Chinh than elsewhere.

Indeed the persecution of Minh-Menh did not produce by any means the effect he intended, in any part of Tonquin. This kingdom is peopled by a race entirely distinct from that of Cochin-China, and was united under the same crown, only by the father of Minh-Menh. It has been remarked above, that this tyrant wished to blend and consolidate his two kingdoms into one homogeneous state, and for that purpose undertook to suppress by arbitrary authority all the national customs of the Tonquinese, as well as to eradicate the Christian religion. He had therefore to encounter the hatred and the

obstinate resistance of the heathen population of Tonquin, as well as the invincible constancy of the Christians. The latter, although naturally, as their own missionaries say, pusillanimity itself, were transformed into heroes by the grace of God. Though they manifested so much fear at the outbreak of the persecution, yet they endured their sufferings patiently, adhered firmly to their religion, and died like true martyrs. The persecution seems to have changed their character completely, and instead of crushing them, to have given them that courage and firmness in which they were so defective. A persecution carried on in the most barbarous and sanguinary manner for twenty-six years in succession has totally failed in its unholy purpose, and the Annamite Church has flourished and increased under it. The following tables will show the relative strength of Christianity in the vicariate of Western Tonquin, over

which Mgr. Borie was appointed bishop, in the years 1834, 1844, and 1854.

	1834.	1844.
Number of Christians	150,000	200,000
Baptisms of the children of Christians.....	7,046	12,815
Baptisms of the children of Heathen.....	1,576	8,845
Baptisms of adults	249	591
Confessions.....	186,228	171,485
Communions.....	67,000
Received Viaticum	1,071
Received Extreme Unction.....	2,780	3,850
Marriages	528	852
Confirmations	1,855	9,518

In 1854 this vicariate was divided into two, governed by four bishops, fifteen European and one hundred and nineteen native priests, assisted by two hundred and eighty catechists.

Number of Christians.....	215,000
Ecclesiastical students.....	890
Convents (twenty-four) containing sisters.....	509
Adult baptisms.....	1,806
Baptisms of children of Heathen.....	17,780

Remaining statistics not given.

These statistics show how much Mgr. Borie and the other missionaries of his

vicariate were able to accomplish, during the hottest period of the persecution. They show also how remarkably the church of Tonquin has flourished, since it has been so copiously watered by the blood of martyrdom, and how completely the tyrant Minh-Menh and his successors have been baffled in their efforts to uproot Christianity.

Probably it will not be displeasing to my readers if I interrupt here the narration of the particular history of Mgr. Borie, to give a succinct sketch of the history of the Catholic Church in the kingdom of Annam, and of the events which paved the way for the persecution of Minh-Menh. This will enable us to understand better the remaining portion of this history, and illustrate more clearly the triumph of Christianity over its persecutors.

This kingdom, containing a population of twenty-five million of souls, was first evangelized by two Jesuits, Fathers Büzoni and

Alexander de Rhodes, the first of whom came to Tonquin in 1615, the latter to Cochin-China in 1624. They were so successful that after twenty years the number of Christians in Tonquin amounted to twelve thousand, and after fifteen years the number in Cochin-China, to twenty-eight thousand. F. de Rhodes was obliged to preach six times a day in Phu-Xuan, the capital, to satisfy the curiosity of the natives, and reckoned among his converts a sister of the king, several princes, a number of the highest military Mandarins, and two hundred heathen priests, who became afterwards catechists. One hundred youths were selected from the neophytes to be trained for the priesthood; bishops were obtained from the Holy See, and in 1670 the first native priests were ordained. At the same time, a religious order of women, resembling the Sisters of Charity, was established, which has been widely propagated, and has done signal service to re-

ligion. The Jesuits remained in these missions during fifty years, after which they were transferred to the Society of Foreign Missions at Paris. In 1693 the Spanish Dominicans were invited to take charge of Eastern Tonquin, which they still retain; one of their number being always the Vicar Apostolic of the district. From the beginning there was always more or less of persecution on the part of the government. The first martyr was a youth of nineteen, who suffered in 1644, and was followed, during the space of two hundred and eight years, by a long series of other martyrs, worthy of the first ages. In the year 1700 three Christian women had their ears and the ends of their fingers cut off, receiving their punishment with joy, and four men were starved to death. When they were suffering the dreadful agonies of hunger and thirst, and rolling themselves in the sand to cool a little their burning fever, the soldiers said to them:

“Oh, you poor creatures, why do you die in this way? We are on an island, on the bank of a river; water surrounds us on all sides; only trample on the image (of the cross) and you shall have as much water as you desire.” They replied in a feeble voice: “It is not lawful to procure water at such a price. Rather will we die of thirst than offend Him who created us out of nothing and died for us.” They held out to the last, and died successively on the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth day of their torture. The Dominican fathers da Federigo and Lerziniana, were beheaded on the twenty-second of January, 1745. The Almighty punished the rulers and people of this country most severely for their crime in persecuting his servants; and the marks of Divine vengeance were so plain that no one doubted that the punishment of the Christians had caused these calamities. The families of the Mandarins chiefly concerned,

even erected propitiatory altars to the martyrs to avert the anger of heaven. As these warnings proved ineffectual to deter the wicked rulers from their course, a revolution broke out which swept the reigning families from their thrones, and caused the surviving heir of the crown of Cochin-China to become dependent on a Catholic Bishop for protection, and his ultimate restoration to the throne.

Three brothers, named Tay-Son, having collected an army of insurgents, made themselves masters of Cochin-China, and afterward of Tonquin (1786); conquered an army sent by the Emperor of China whom they forced to recognize their authority, and also compelled the King of Siam to enter into a league with them. After this they fell out between themselves, and the country became a prey to all the horrors of civil war, so that the condition of the Christians during this period was a dreadful one. Mgr. Pigneaux

Vicar-Apostolic of Cochin-China, saved the life of the young prince Gia-Long, second son of the king, and concealed him in his house. After a time the Bishop withdrew, with sixty of his young students, to a small island in the Gulf of Siam, where the same prince had already fled for safety, with his infant son, and was living in great poverty, having nothing but wild roots to eat. The Bishop received him under his roof and provided him with food, and he in return entrusted his young son entirely to his care. Mgr. Pigneaux went to France in the year 1787, taking the little prince with him, to solicit aid from Louis XVI. for Gia-Long, and obtained three ships laden with military stores and a number of able officers, by whose aid Gia-Long soon regained his throne. He gave Mgr. Pigneaux, in gratitude for his services, the first rank in the kingdom, and wished to make him Prime Minister, which he refused, devoting himself exclusively to

his episcopal duties. He died on the ninth of October, 1799, in the presence of the king and his son, who wept bitterly at the loss of their father and benefactor. The bishop's funeral was attended by the entire royal family and all the Mandarins, and at least forty thousand of the people, Christian and heathen. A large cross headed the procession, then followed the Christian children with garlands and tapers; cannon were fired continually, and on each side of the procession marched one hundred and twenty elephants and twelve thousand troops of the royal body guard. The king himself wrote a letter of condolence to the family of Mgr. Pigneaux.

Two years after the death of the bishop, his royal pupil, the hope of the Annamite Church, followed him to the grave. He was a Christian, and received baptism in his last sickness. During twenty years the Church had enjoyed peace. After the death of the

bishop and the prince, however, Gia-Long considered that gratitude no longer hindered him from persecuting the Christians. He confined himself to threats, for he had been all his life extending and strengthening his kingdom by conquests, and he thought his throne too weak as yet, to allow him to attack the Christians in earnest. He died in 1820, and the rightful heir (the infant son of the deceased prince) being put aside, his young son Minh-Menh ascended the throne. His character and policy have been already described. From the beginning he thirsted for the blood of the Christians. As early as 1826 he was resolved to commence an open persecution, and was only restrained by the influence of a wise and powerful old nobleman, of whom he stood in great awe. Many acts of violence were committed, and a number of European and native priests and Christians were martyred during the first year of his reign. In 1830 edicts were published

against the Christians, and, as we have seen, the long-gathering storm of persecution burst in all its fury on their heads in the beginning of 1833! The general history of the first year of the persecution has been already given, so far as this was connected with the narrative of Mgr. Dumoulin Borie's life. His district, however, having been comparatively quiet, and having remained so during the brief period which elapsed before his martyrdom, his personal history does not bring out the full horrors of the persecution as it raged elsewhere. It is necessary therefore to complete the picture by adding some details from other portions of the scene.

At the publication of the first edict against Christianity in 1830, eighty thousand Christians abandoned their homes and betook themselves, some to canoes where they lived by fishing, others to the forests where they were exposed to the fury of tigers and other beasts of prey. Four hundred churches were

destroyed, the colleges broken up, and the labors of two hundred years overthrown in a few days. Several Europeans and natives were martyred, and two hundred and fifty Christians of different classes condemned to chains and scourging, before the edict of 1833. At the breaking out of the open persecution, crosses were placed at the corners of all the streets that they might be trampled on by the passers-by; spies were continually on the watch to detect the hiding-places of the priests, or surprise the Christians in their secret assemblies. The army had no other business except to hunt the Christians. Every morning some one or other village would be roused by the fearful sound of the tam-tam, announcing the approach of soldiers who had encamped around it during the night, and who marched in to search, to plunder, to destroy, and to seize as many victims for torture and death as possible. Of the bishops and other missionaries, some like

Mgr. Havard, concealed themselves in caves through whose openings one could scarcely creep; others, like M. Candalh, wandered about in the woods and died of hunger and fever; others, like M. Charnier, hid away in the dark recesses of an old building where they remained without daring to stir out; others, like Mgr. Retord, hid themselves in graves. Only during the night did they dare to creep out to administer the sacraments, celebrate mass, and gather a few Christians together in secret for the worship of God. The tribunals and scaffolds were the only places where the priests could appear in public and openly proclaim the Gospel of Christ, and where the Christians could openly pay worship to the true God. There they threw themselves prostrate before the cross, which they were ordered to trample on, and invoked loudly, amid their torments, the name of Jesus. There, often, at the command of the judge, the confessor of the faith was

obliged to recite his prayers in a loud voice, and the heathens themselves acknowledged that they were excellent and sublime. There the grace of the Divine Eucharist was proclaimed, and confessed even by the Mandarins, who sought to explain the heroism of their victims by saying that they had eaten of that magical bread which bewitches the soul. Often the priest, bathed in his blood, proclaimed the Gospel, and the heathen murmured among themselves, "This doctrine is indeed beautiful; if the king would permit us we would embrace it." The timid Annamites rivalled the Europeans in the courage with which they met death, and behaved with a heroism worthy of ancient Romans. Three bishops, five European and twenty-one Annamite priests, and a vast number of all classes of the people, neophytes, catechists, men of the learned class, physicians, peasants, sailors and soldiers, perished by the sword or the bow-string. But

five apostatized, among whom was only one native priest, who afterward was reconciled to the Church, but remained perpetually excluded from the priesthood. The most singular and remarkable circumstance in all these martyrdoms, is the extraordinary veneration with which the courage of the martyrs inspired the heathen. Once, when a youth, named Xaverius Can, had comported himself with unusual heroism before the tribunal, the Mandarin told his soldiers, "Take good care never to bring me a missionary; this little fellow, who is no bigger than my wrist, has the courage of a lion; what could I do then if I had a priest to deal with." Sometimes after scourging a Christian, the soldiers carried him about in triumph on their shoulders, crying out, "This is a true hero." The judges begged the prayers of those whom they condemned to death, and their executioners begged their pardon before they beheaded them. As one native

priest was led out to execution, Mandarins, jailors, soldiers and spectators, all kneeled down and asked his blessing; as another was conducted to the scaffold, the Mandarin had him borne in a beautiful palanquin with a guard of honor, himself walking by his side and holding an umbrella over his head. At the death of a Christian, especially a missionary or a priest, the heathen sprang eagerly upon the scaffold to carry away his clothes, the earth wet with his blood, the instruments of his punishment, or whatever else was hallowed by contact with his person. Every one who could possess himself of some such relic, believed that the martyr would become a heavenly and powerful protector to himself and his family.

In this way, the piety, innocence, and calm fortitude of the Christians produced a powerful impression on the Annamite people, and excited in their breasts a sentiment of indignation and hatred against their rulers,

which often broke out into open complaints. Added to this, a series of dreadful calamities scourged the country, which were universally regarded as a punishment of Heaven; all the trade and commerce of the kingdom was stopped, and famine prevailed for six years, through which several millions lost their lives by starvation. With the famine were joined an epidemic fever and the cholera, which seized on a victim in almost every house. The Chinese fell upon the northern portion of the kingdom, the Siamese upon the western, and a piratical fleet upon the southern. The Tonquinese revolted against the authority of Minh-Menh, the savage tribes of the mountains descended to lay waste the plains, and hordes of banditti, two and three thousand strong, laid waste the country far and near, in league with the Mandarins. In one of the provinces where the most Christian blood had been shed, a violent tempest caused the sea to break over

its barriers and deluge a large tract, destroying the harvest, wrecking three hundred ships and leaving behind, when it subsided, thirty thousand corpses, among which were three hundred soldiers who had just driven all the Christians into the mountains, where they remained in safety.

The most ferocious enemies of the Christians were individually punished in a signal manner. The brother and the two eldest sons of Minh-Menh died suddenly. A favorite Mandarin of the tyrant, at the moment when he was uttering from his tribunal fearful threats against the Christians, was seized by insupportable torments and left the court room to die. The viceroy, Trinh-Quan-Khanh, who was called the SLAYER OF THE MISSIONARIES, was finally thrown into the same prison into which he had cast so many innocent Christians. The Chief Judge was condemned to be flayed alive and sawn in two pieces. Others were drowned, or blown

up in the explosion of a magazine of powder. The officers and courtiers of Minh-Menh did not hesitate to tell Minh-Menh to his face that his barbarous persecution of the Christians had brought all these calamities on his subjects. The tyrant did not repent of his crimes ; but terrified at the prospect of losing his throne, he feigned a hypocritical sorrow. He published an official confession of his sins, acknowledging that these were the cause of the calamities which had befallen the nation, and imposed on himself a penance which he punctiliously fulfilled. The nation were not deceived, however, and saw through his hypocrisy. Wishing to counteract the good impression which the pure doctrine taught and practiced by the Christians had made on the people, he attempted to turn Reformer and eclectic philosopher. He published a code of Ten Commandments which he intended should surpass and supersede the Christian law. They are as follows :

"FIRST COMMANDMENT. Observe carefully the social relations.

"SECOND COMMANDMENT. Manifest in all things a great purity of sentiment.

"THIRD COMMANDMENT. Fulfil with zeal the duties of your state, and of the relations of life.

"FOURTH COMMANDMENT. Be temperate in eating and drinking.

"FIFTH COMMANDMENT. Observe the custom and rites.

"SIXTH COMMANDMENT. Fathers and mothers shall carefully educate their children, and the older brothers and sisters do the same service to the younger ones.

"SEVENTH COMMANDMENT. Avoid bad doctrines, and embrace the good.

"EIGHTH COMMANDMENT. Preserve chastity and modesty.

"NINTH COMMANDMENT. Obey exactly the laws of the country.

"TENTH COMMANDMENT. Practice good works."

The edicts of the philosophical king and the religious festivals which he instituted to divert the people, brought no relief or prosperity to the unhappy Annamites. The persecution went on as before, sometimes raging with more and sometimes with less violence, as the mind of the tyrant vacillated between his hatred of Christianity on the one side, and his fear of the vengeance of France, of the assaults of the king of-Siam, and of the rebellion of his subjects, on the other.

Let us now return to Mgr. Borie whom we left zealously employed in watching over the district of Binh-Chinh. During the latter part of the year 1834, he was twice attacked with malignant dysentery, and he sank into such a declining state of health that he was scarcely able to do anything, and appeared to be near his end. God, however, who had reserved the palm of martyrdom for him, preserved his life, and in the year 1835 he was again well and vigorous. During this year

he was very active, and a lull in the storm of persecution enabled him to accomplish a great deal. He re-established two destroyed monasteries, and two colleges in which he collected one hundred and thirty-nine pupils. He had constantly with him and under his own instruction, twenty-five ecclesiastical students. In some parishes bordering on the sea, he was even able to sing High Mass and hold public processions. The number of confessions which he heard during the first eight months of this year exceeded three thousand. By the month of June, 1836, he had visited every parish in his district, and had penetrated into places where no European missionary had ever been before. Having thus accomplished a thorough visitation of his district, and seeing everything in as good order as the times would admit, his bold and enterprising spirit became again restless, and he began to revolve new schemes of a more daring character.

He formed the plan of going boldly into the presence of Minh-Menh, and pleading the cause of the Christians. The old and experienced missionary M. Jaccard, dissuaded him, however, from the project, and M. Masson forbade it positively, first, on account of the improbability of success, and secondly, on account of Mgr. Borie's appointment to the episcopate, which had been made known to him. During the remainder of this year, the whole of the year 1837, and the early part of 1838, Mgr. Borie continued in the discharge of the same labors that he had been before engaged in, and no remarkable circumstances occur in his biography worth mentioning. In the year 1837 appeared an order from the king, commanding every householder to plant the tree "Neu" before his house. The significance of this act is not quite clear. Some think that the tree is intended as a sign by which the souls of the ancestors may know where the dwelling of their posterity

is situated. Others explain it as denoting that the house and its inmates are devoted to the service of the god Phat, the tutelary divinity of the kingdom. Very few Christians complied with this order; and the Mandarins, alarmed at the large number whose existence and constancy were thus made manifest, shut their eyes. Toward the end of this year, Mgr. Borie had the intention of visiting M. Masson, but was forbidden to do so on account of the dangers of the road. If he had succeeded in reaching Nghe-an his life would have been preserved; but it seems that Providence willed otherwise. Mgr. Borie's missionary life and earthly career were now nearly completed. Six months of the year 1838 rolled rapidly past, and the time of his sufferings and of his glory drew near. To these last touching and sublime scenes we must now turn our attention.

IV.

DUMOULIN BORIE'S MARTYRDOM.

IN the year 1838, the special attention of the government was drawn toward the proceedings of the missionaries in Binh-Chinh by the following circumstance. M. Candalh ventured on the bold measure of opening a school in the neighborhood of Mgr. Borie's district. Notice of this was speedily sent to the authorities, who issued orders for his apprehension. He escaped; however, to the mountains, where, as has been before mentioned, he soon died of fatigue and fever. The Mandarins thinking he was concealed

somewhere in Binh-Chinh, set on foot a vigorous search for him, and at the same time for Mgr. Borie.

On the second of July they arrested Father Koa and two young students. This news was immediately communicated to the court of Phu-Xuan, which praised the zeal of the military Mandarin, rewarded him with a handsome sum of money, and ordered him to redouble his zeal. The civil Mandarins were extremely offended that the commission had not been entrusted to their hands, and this circumstance caused them afterward to be very lenient toward Mgr. Borie. Several days passed before the arrival of the despatches from the capital. Meanwhile the three prisoners were repeatedly scourged, chiefly with a view of extorting information from them. Father Koa received seventy-six strokes of the bamboo, but remained perfectly silent. The two young students however told all they knew after a few blows.

One of them gave information that in Binh Chinh, in the village Kon-Kia, there was a European, lodging with the prefect of the village, named Phuong, or if he were not there, in the house of Doan at Duong-Phuong. On the twenty-ninth of July, men were sent in search of him. As, however, they did not find Mgr. Borie, the wife of Phuong received thirty stripes, and the daughter twenty, and as neither would give any information, the wife was laden with a cangue and dragged along with the officers to Duong-Phu. Here the same thing took place with the wife of Doan, and she was afterward imprisoned for five days.

The officers thought this was work enough for one day. The next day they recommenced their search, and seized a large canoe, on board of which were some suspicious articles. The boatman in charge, when he was questioned about the matter referred the soldiers to another person, who was immedi-

ately arrested and brought before the Mandarin. When this individual was questioned about the owner of the articles, he hesitated in his answers. Fifteen blows of the bamboo opened his mouth. "These things," he said, "belong to Father Diem." "But where is he himself?" "I do not know, Mandarin, but there is one Yen here who can tell you." "Let him be brought up." Yen came, and his mouth also was opened by the application of fifteen blows of the bamboo. He even conducted the Mandarin to the sand-hills of Dan-So, where the Mandarin found and arrested Father Diem and a student named Sanh.

The Mandarin was highly delighted with his success, but this only heightened his desire to discover the hiding-place of Mgr. Borie. The next morning all the inhabitants of Dan-So were called up and questioned. These excellent people, who loved their missionary, steadfastly refused to give any infor-

mation, and, contrary to custom, the bamboo was not called into requisition. Two men who seemed to be able to give some information were arrested, and all the prisoners were laden with the cangue and given over to the chief magistrate of the place for a hearing. Father Diem was first called. When this good old priest, who was seventy-four years of age, was laid on the ground, his clothes stripped off, and his hands and feet bound to stakes, preparatory to the scourging, he lost courage, and answered all the questions of the Mandarin. He disclosed the hiding-places of all the native priests, and made known that the European Cao,* had been a short time before in the village Xom-Tra, and in the house of a certain Dink. This good priest, whose weakness is excused by his old age, afterward bitterly lamented his lack of

* This was the Annamite name of Mgr. Borie, and signifies tall, large, noble, distinguished.

steadfastness in this instance, and died courageously for the faith.

The Mandarin repaired immediately to Xom-Tra. It was near midnight when he arrived there, and searched the house of Dink. Mgr. Borie was not there; and the Mandarin, that his visit might not be entirely useless, gave Dink fifty blows. One of the soldiers remarked, "Mandarin, there is a man in Duyen-Phue, who has often lodged the European Cao in his house." Soldiers were immediately despatched on this scent. The man would not tell anything at first, but after sixty blows of the bamboo, he made known that a certain Diem of Xom-Cua, and another man named Thanh, had lately conducted Mgr. Borie toward the sea-coast. Upon this the soldiers hastened to Xom-Cua. Diem protested that he knew nothing of the whole matter, and that Thanh alone was concerned. The Mandarin tried the effect of seventy blows of the bamboo upon him, but

the courageous Christian would give no further information, and adhered obstinately to his first statement. They next tried Thanh's house, and searched it carefully, but without finding any body. Thanh's little daughter, who was about sixteen years of age, was alone in the house. The Mandarin gave her thirty blows to make her tell where her father and the European were. But she bore the scourging with unflinching fortitude, and answered only, "My father has gone to market; and as to the European, I am only a child, and he does not tell me where he is going." The females were generally far more courageous than the men, as these incidents show. The men were accustomed to throw the ball to one another, but the women kept silent and betrayed no one.

Mgr. Borie might easily have escaped to the province of Xu-Nghe, but he would not do it, lest he should draw down the violence of the Mandarins upon the poor people. He

repeatedly tried to escape by sea, but was thwarted in this attempt by strong contrary winds. At last he began to see the signs of the Providence of God who willed his capture, and gave up the hope of escaping.

When the Mandarin saw that his efforts remained thus far fruitless, he held a council during the night with his soldiers. The result of this conference was, that he divided his corps into several parties, with orders to search all the forests of the neighborhood. The party headed by the Mandarin fell in with Thanh, who had just conducted Mgr. Borie to a hiding-place in a hole which he had dug for him in a sand-hill. They questioned him about the European Cao, threatening him as usual with the bamboo. The very sight of it was enough to put to flight what little courage Thanh possessed, and he answered immediately that he had met in that neighborhood a tall man with a very

fair complexion and a long beard. The Mandarin commanded him to conduct him to the spot. He did so, but the soldiers could find nothing to betray the hiding-place of their victim. Convinced, however, that he was now on the right scent, the Mandarin ordered the soldiers to encircle the place and search every spot. Already they had been occupied at this work until two hours past midnight, and Mgr. Borie could plainly hear their footsteps and even their conversation, when, satisfied that he must be captured at last, he made his way through the sand, and sprang up on his feet before the astonished soldiers, crying out, "Whom do you seek!" This sudden apparition of a being of gigantic stature in the pale moonlight, with his garments all white with the sand, and calling out to them in a commanding voice, frightened the poor soldiers nearly out of their wits. They ran backward in their terror, and Mgr. Borie could doubtless have escaped

from them with the greatest ease if he had chosen. He remained however; and when the soldiers had recovered breath, not daring to come any nearer to him, they ordered him to sit down, in token of submission. He did so, and yielded himself without resistance into their hands. This did not hinder a brutal soldier, however, from giving him a violent blow with a stick on his loins. Mgr. Borie's apprehension took place at two o'clock in the morning, July 31, 1838.

The Mandarin continued his search for a time in hope of finding some others, but without success. Meanwhile Mgr. Borie's capture became known. Peter Tu, one of his pupils, ran into the street and began to weep aloud as he saw his master pass by in chains. He was immediately arrested and brought to the Mandarin, who reproved the soldiers sharply because they had acted without orders, and because he feared, from the youth of the catechist, that he might give up

the names of many other Christians. Mgr. Borie feared the same thing, and therefore told the youth, that if he felt himself too weak to bear the torture, he would purchase his release. The young hero answered: "No, my father! I hope with the grace of God to remain steadfast, and I will follow you even to death." The Mandarin then turned to Mgr. Borie and demanded of him if he could rely upon the courage of the youth. "I believe him to be good and sincere," replied he; "he can remain with me." Taking then the turban from his head he tore it into two pieces, and giving half of it to Peter, he said to him, "keep this in memory of the promise you have now made." It is from this Peter Tu, who shared the imprisonment of his master, and was himself martyred some time after, that we have received the particulars of Mgr. Borie's trial.

The two prisoners were brought to the

village of Diem-Phue, and the people ran out in great numbers to lament over them and manifest their sympathy. The Mandarin, who was a humane man, did not hinder them from doing this. The prisoners were brought before the tribunal of the chief Mandarin of the district to undergo a preliminary trial. As we arrived at Diem-Phue, writes Peter Tu, the Mandarin said to Mgr. Borie, "Master, is this young man your servant?" "Mandarin, I desire you to ask him, and he may answer for himself how he wishes to be regarded." To the questions of the Mandarin, I answered: "It is now at least three or four years since I have been in the company of this European." "You have heard what he says; what do you say to it?" "He has confessed himself my pupil, and I acknowledge him right gladly as such." Upon this the Mandarin allowed me to remain by the side of Mgr. Borie, and then

ordered two strong cangues to be prepared for us, and commanded the villagers to give us something to eat.

On the morning of the next day the Mandarin put us both in the cangue, and conducted us to the chief town of the district, where we arrived toward evening. Here Mgr. Borie said to him, "I have heard that you have arrested the chief of the faithful, Diem. I beg you to let me see his face that I may discover whether he is a young or an old man." The Mandarin then sent immediately soldiers to bring Father Diem into the audience-room. When Mgr. Borie saw him he said to him: "Why do you permit yourself to be so overcome with fear and to speak at random? See now how many men you bring into trouble and danger by your imprudence." This good old man, seventy-four years of age, indeed seemed to have lost his mind when he saw himself arrested, bound and threatened with the torture. He gave

some very inconsiderate answers. But when he saw Mgr. Borie, he got immediately more courage; he endured steadfastly all his trials, and died heroically for the faith. "You must," continued Mgr. Borie, "make all that good again. Say to the Mandarin, that through old age you were overcome with fear, and that you spoke without knowing what you were saying." Hereupon Father Diem turned to the Mandarin and said: "Mandarin, I am old; I was overcome by fears the other day and spoke at random; through my thoughtlessness I have injured many men, and I beg the Mandarin to set them at liberty again."

He made no answer, however, to this; but after allowing the two priests to converse privately together for a while, he sent Father Diem back to prison.

The next day which was the second of August, Mgr. Borie and his pupil were about to suffer the torture, if the missionary had

not made a reclamation against it. "Mandarin," said he, "you were sent by the governor of the province to arrest me, and I therefore pray you to conduct me to him without delay. If you do not grant this request, and insist on putting me to the question, I protest against such a proceeding, and declare in the outset that I will answer nothing. So far as the other persons are concerned, whom you have arrested and examined, they are innocent, and I beg you to release them." The Mandarin showed himself compliant, and from this moment he did not trouble any one more in regard to religion.

He gave orders that Mgr. Borie, Father Diem, Brother Kang, (a pupil of Father Koa) and I, should be brought to the chief town of the province, where we arrived toward evening. During the entire journey, Mgr. Borie received the most touching marks of affection and sympathy from the Christians.

They ran in troops along the road, accompanied him with sobs and tears, and when we had to cross rivers, and the Mandarins would not allow boats to be given them, they ran into the water up to their necks, to the danger of their lives, that they might longer accompany the missionary, the dearly-beloved pastor of their souls. When we arrived in the capital, we were brought before the governor, who demanded the name of each one, and caused us to remain during the night in a hall where criminals are tried. We were then commanded to trample on the holy cross. Brother Kang did so without hesitation. For myself I would never do it. The Mandarin let me have twenty strokes of the bamboo, and then unbound me and commanded me again to trample on the holy cross. I said to him: "Let me speak a word to you first; if you should cause me to be crucified, that would be the most terrible torment, and yet I declare to you that my heart

would feel nothing." He left me alone after this, and turning away from me, said: "Cao, Chief of Religion, and you also, Diem, a Chief of the Christian faith, it is true that the king has strictly forbidden your religion; yet if you will consent to trample on the cross, I will immediately set you at liberty." Mgr. Borie replied: "Sooner die a hundred times." Father Diem gave the same answer. The Mandarin continued: "Cao, Chief of Religion, you are a European, and have come into this land to preach your faith; why did you not rather return home than to hide yourself here, and expose yourself to the danger of being seized and put to death? Where were you before your capture? Tell me the entire truth, that I may make a proper commencement of the process." Mgr. Borie: "I had scarcely arrived in this country, where I preached the Christian religion, when the king forbade it. He forbade also the landing of all foreign ships, so that I

could not have gone away if I had wished it. The people whom I visited are the subjects of the king; but I beseech you to have compassion upon them, and not to compel me to mention their names. I am in your power, do with me what you please, only I desire to bear my punishment alone." Mandarin: "If you could not go home why did you not give yourself up like Phan-van-Kinh? (the name borne by M. Jaccard, who is here confounded with M. Gagelin.) Mgr. Borie: "It is true that Phan-van-Kinh gave himself up, but because the Mandarin chose to take the credit of having captured him before the king, I preferred to conceal myself." Mandarin: "Since then Cao, the Chief of the Christian Religion will not say anything, let him receive thirty strokes." No sooner had he said this, than the soldiers drove stakes into the earth; and Mgr. Borie was obliged to lie down, and his hands and feet were bound to the stakes. A brick was placed

under his stomach, and another under the chin, and thirty blows were given him. During the first twenty he gave no sign of pain, not even a sigh, although the blood ran from his lacerated body. During the last ten blows he groaned several times. It was observed that he had his handkerchief in his mouth during the whole time. "It is enough," said the Mandarin to his executioner; "we lose our time in scourging him." As the Mandarin asked him if he felt much pain, the martyr replied: "I am made of flesh and bones like others, how should I be exempt from pain? Yet, after all, it is a small matter, and I am just as contented after the torture as before it."

"The courage of the European is invincible, however much it has been doubted," said the Mandarins among themselves, who were witnesses of such a fortitude. Peter Tu gives many more particulars of the same kind, which may be omitted here for the

sake of brevity. The brave youth received once more thirty blows, and after ten days forty more without success. Mgr. Borie was threatened with more severe torture, but as their threats produced no effect, he was left in quiet. His courageous demeanor made a great impression on the chief Mandarin, who treated him with as much mildness as he dared, and punished him reluctantly.

The captives were taken back to the prison after their process was finished; and the Mandarin sentenced Mgr. Borie to be beheaded, Fathers Diem and Koa to be strangled, and Peter Tu to a hundred blows and exile. The whole had to be sent to the king for his approbation before sentence could be executed, and some unknown circumstance delayed the royal decision and prolonged the imprisonment of the confessors of the faith for several months.

They passed this time in the joy of the Lord, encouraged each other to patience, in

structed their numerous visitors in the Christian faith, and prepared themselves for the sacrifice. The magistrates, who did not possess virtue enough to refuse to condemn them unjustly, yet were kind-hearted where there was no danger to be feared for themselves. Instead of placing them in the ordinary prison of the condemned, which is described as a perfect hell upon earth, they gave them a large and airy apartment, always guarded by soldiers but open to all visitors. Many of the heathen, captivated by Mgr. Borie's amiability, said: "This teacher of religion is indeed an admirable man; if he will instruct us, we will gladly adopt his doctrines." M. Masson was also able to send many things to the prisoners which promoted their comfort, and to maintain a constant correspondence with the illustrious Bishop of Acanthus, who had received his bulls since his imprisonment, raising him to the episcopal dignity. The latter thus expresses to M. Mas-

son, his sentiments in the near view of martyrdom :

“Since the year 1826, when the good God drew me away from the follies of the world, I have always cherished in my heart the desire to shed my blood for the expiation of my sins. . . . I would not exchange my cangue for the most glorious crown of the world. I hope never to see my neck unburdened, except to receive my death-blow. . . . Last night our prison resounded again with the chanting of the ‘Miserere.’ Father Koa and my beloved Tu responded after every verse, the refrain, “Parce, Domine, parce populo tuo,” and the guards begged us to continue our singing. It is said that I and MM. Koa and Diem are condemned to decapitation, and my pupil Tu to strangulation. So, then, our sentence is pronounced; the king has only to confirm it and we shall have the happiness to be forever united in the Lord. Fiat! fiat!”

About two months before his death he wrote the following touching letter of farewell to his mother and family :

PRISON IN UPPER COCHIN-CHINA,

October, 1838.

DEAREST MOTHER, AND BELOVED BROTHERS AND SISTERS :

It is twelve years to-day, since on my return from a walk with my dear brother Augustin, I communicated to you the purpose with which the Lord had inspired me of renouncing the follies of the world and devoting myself to the priesthood. You will doubtless still remember that we shed tears, and adored the will of Divine Providence. On the first of October, 1829, we all made a sacrifice much more painful than the first. I separated myself from you without the hope of ever seeing you again in this world ; and your resignation to the will of God supported my courage and gave me the consolation of which I stood in need. I thank the Author of all good for it. To-day I an-

nounce to you a third sacrifice which our Divine Master demands from us all, or rather I announce to you the decrees of his mercy, with which he condescends to honor your son and brother. I know well that the voice of nature makes itself heard, but nevertheless it is drowned by the voice of religion. In the midst of all my tribulations I am full of joy and consolation. The consciousness that I am unworthy of so great a favor terrifies me from time to time, but the goodness of God tranquillizes me again, and strengthens me so far, that I sigh for the day when I shall have the happiness to shed my blood for the faith I have preached. The sword or the bow-string, which will be the instrument of my death, does not frighten me. I consider myself the happiest of men, to be allowed to expiate my sins with my blood. Do not therefore grieve, my beloved ones! over that which is the cause of my joy, but join your thanksgivings with mine to the

Father of mercies, for this grace. Let us endeavor to live and die as good Christians. Our life is only a pilgrimage which ought to bring us to heaven. . . . I admonish my dear brother Augustin as the oldest of the family, to become the support and consolation of our good mother; and to take a fatherly care of his brothers and sisters, whose guide and model he ought to be, especially of our dear Julie, and of Delsus and Henri. I love you all from my heart: Augustin, Delpeuch, Luise, Meroux, Julie, Delsus, and Henri my dear godson. May the Lord fill you with all blessings, keep you far from the deceitful charms of the world, and impart to you those gifts of grace which you need, in order to live and die as good Christians. I say nothing more to you on this point, as I am strictly guarded and obliged to write to you secretly; I fear to compromise our Christians, especially M. Masson, Superior

General of the Mission of Tonquin, who has the goodness to send this letter to you. Both myself and you are deeply indebted to this beloved confrère, for the kind services he has rendered me since the fifteenth of May, 1832, when I was so happy as to find in him a friend, a brother, and a pious priest.

Farewell then in God alone! my good, excellent mother! my dearly beloved brothers and sisters! On the receipt of my letter, have a mass said for the repose of my soul, another at the altar of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who has overwhelmed me with benefits, and led me by the hand up to this day, and a third, *pro gratiarum actione*, in honor of my patron saint, and the patron of the parish church. Remember me to all my relations and friends, whose images are all flitting before me at this moment, and whom I will not forget in the presence of the Lord. Let us remain united in heart and hope, and

let us live and die faithful to God, in order that we may hereafter be so happy as to be united eternally in a better life.

Once more I embrace you all in the Lord!

P. D. BORIE, MISS. APOST.

Happy martyr, to have those who were united to you by the ties of blood, also united with you in the same faith and hope! Happy and highly-favored mother and children, to have such a son and brother, and to appreciate him according to his true worth!

The Christian hero wrote letters of a similar tenor to his excellent old uncle, the pastor of Sionniac, to the directors of the Seminary of Foreign Missions in Paris, and other friends. This one, however, will suffice to show the spirit which animated him during his last days.

On Saturday, November 24, 1838, at five o'clock in the afternoon, while the prisoners were cheerfully taking their moderate collation, a despatch arrived from the capital, con-

firming the last sentence of the Mandarins, who had for some reason not known, changed their first one several times. This sentence condemned Mgr. Borie to decapitation, the two priests to strangulation, and the two catechists, Tu and Nam, to longer imprisonment, until it should please the tyrant to fix the day of their execution. As the despatch commanded the instant execution of the sentence, preparations were made to fulfil it that same evening. The Mandarin sent the sergeant of the guard, with orders to have a fowl cooked for the three priests, according to the custom of the country. As they were accustomed to fast on Saturday, they declined to take it, but consented to drink a glass of wine, to please the Mandarin. This official expressed his regret that he could not save the life of the European, without risking his own head, or even postpone the execution for one day. "My wishes are fulfilled," replied Mgr. Borie; "Mandarin, I thank you

for all that you have done for me and my companions in imprisonment. I have never kneeled before any one since my childhood; I do this now, to thank the Mandarin for the favor he has accorded to me." The Mandarin prevented him, however. He could not comprehend how any one could be grateful for being condemned to death. He was touched to the heart and wept, as did also the by-standers. The young catechist Peter Tu and his master, had expected to have the consolation of dying together, and were grieved at their disappointment. Before leaving the prison, the bishop called to him the grey-headed catechist Antoine Nam, who was also a prisoner, and said to him: "This boy is very dear to me; I must leave him behind me; dreadful perils may hereafter put his virtue to the test. Promise me to show the same love to him that you have shown to me. I entrust him to your love and to your fidelity!" The good man promised heartily to

do it; and after many sufferings, both these catechists suffered martyrdom for the faith, on the tenth of July, 1840.

Meanwhile the decisive moment approached. The Intendant of the province, accompanied by the commander of the troops and his lieutenant entered the room. He then said to the condemned: "Although the sentence of the king condemns you unconditionally, nevertheless the king will grant you his grace if you will trample on the cross."

"We will much rather suffer death," responded Mgr. Borie. Peter Tu begged to be allowed to follow his master to the scaffold but was refused, and he with the other prisoners took now an affecting leave of their beloved bishop and priests. Those who went to death were joyous, at the accomplishment of their desires; those who remained behind were inconsolable for the prolongation of their lives.

The escort consisted of two elephants, five

horses, and about sixty soldiers dressed in red. A countless number of the heathen followed after, but there were only a few Christians present, either because fear kept them away, or the haste of the execution did not give them time to come. The sun was just sinking in the west as the solemn march commenced. As a mark of extraordinary honor, four soldiers with drawn swords supported the cangue of the bishop, and two those of each of the priests. Mgr. Borie went on with rapid strides, occasionally looking back to see if the priests could keep pace with him, and a holy joy illuminated the countenances of all three. On the way the bishop saluted all whom he knew, with a benignant smile—consoled them and wished them peace. The Mandarin Bo, the only one of the officers who had shown himself rude and haughty, being in the procession, ordered a halt, and asked the European priest if he at length feared death? To this contemptible

insult the martyr replied: "I am neither a rebel or a robber that I should fear death; I fear God alone. To-day it is my turn to die, to-morrow it will be another's." "What insolence!" cried the Mandarin; "give him a blow on the mouth," and he withdrew with a curse. After their arrival at the scaffold, Mgr. Borie sent one of the secretaries to say to the Mandarin Bo, that he asked his pardon, if his answer had offended him. Three mats were spread out on the place of execution, and the three martyrs were assisted to kneel on them. There they offered up their last prayer, with their faces turned toward Europe, from whence came that faith for which they were about to die. Doubtless in that moment the martyr thought of his family, and his eyes sought the land of Tulle. Their prayers being ended, a smith broke the iron connecting the two parts of their cangues. The two priests Diem and Koa were ordered to lie down flat on their faces, to be strangled.

Three men held each end of the cord which was around their necks. Mgr. Borie sat with his legs crossed, and with his own hands bared his neck and shoulders. The Mandarin then took his speaking trumpet and commanded that the executioners should fulfil their office at the third stroke of the cymbal. The execution of the two Annamite priests was quickly over, but that of Mgr. Borie was frightful. The respect and veneration which he had won, were so great that no one wished to embrue his hands in the blood of the just man. The soldier who was obliged to perform the office of executioner intoxicated himself, in order to destroy his sensibility, and not being able to manage his sword with a steady hand, made several false strokes. The first blow struck the martyr on the cheek and broke his lower jaw in two. The second blow gave him a dreadful gash on the shoulder. The third struck his neck, but without severing it, or killing him. The

Mandarin shrank back in horror at the spectacle. Seven blows were struck before the awkward soldier succeeded in giving a fatal stroke, and his head was not severed from the trunk until he had fallen on the ground. During this barbarous execution, the holy bishop did not utter the slightest sound or make the least movement. The soldier received forty strokes of the bamboo for his awkwardness. Thus died the glorious martyr, Peter Dumoulin Borie, to whom we may apply the words of the church's hymn :

" Quot plagis laniatus
Cælo tot radiis nites."

The Christians were extremely anxious to carry away the bodies of the priests, but the Mandarin ordered them to be buried on the spot. There was no coffin to be found large enough for Mgr. Borie, whose body was unceremoniously thrust into the one which had been provided, with the legs protruding, and thus buried. More than a year after-

ward, the Mandarins allowed the Christians to take away the bodies secretly by night, which was done. The flesh was removed from the body of Mgr. Borie and reverently buried, and the skeleton was sent to M. Masson, who was able to celebrate a funeral solemnity, with several other ecclesiastics. In 1843, the sacred relics were brought to Paris, and are now preserved in the Seminary of Foreign Missions. The writer was informed by the illustrious Archbishop of Cincinnati, that some years ago, as he was visiting this Seminary, a young deacon accompanied him through the large hall, where the relics of martyrs, the instruments of torture and similar objects are kept. Pausing before the case where repose the remains of Mgr. Borie, "There, said he, Monseigneur, are the remains of my brother!" This youth, who was living in the world at the time of his brother's martyrdom, as soon as he heard of it, came to the Seminary of Foreign Missions

and offered himself as a missionary in his illustrious brother's place. At the present time, he is actually a missionary in Tonquin.

Having now completed the history of the life and martyrdom of Mgr. Borie, it will doubtless afford some pleasure to our readers to know something of the fate of the Annamite Nero, Minh-Menh, and the subsequent history of Christianity in his kingdom.

In the year 1839, Minh-Menh issued a new edict, commanding that a new temple should be erected to the national divinities in every place, and that every individual, without exception, should contribute materials to this work. Hitherto, the common class of Christians had remained concealed from the Mandarins; but they were now compelled either to make themselves known or to deny their faith. Meanwhile the ranks of the priesthood had been dreadfully thinned. Not one of the five bishops of Tonquin was remaining, and the European priests who had hur-

ried to fill the places of the fallen, could find no means of penetrating into the country. It was a dreadful year for the Church of Annam. But God sent them two great consolations: a letter of encouragement from the Head of the Church, and the sudden death of their bloody persecutor. Pope Gregory XVI. called on all the Catholics of the world to pray for the Annamite Church; he beatified several of her confessors and martyrs, and declared venerable seventy others, of whom Mgr. Borie was one, and addressed a special brief to his afflicted and faithful children. The arm of the Almighty also put an end to the horrid cruelties of the bloody tyrant of Phu-Xuan. Minh-Menh was killed by a fall from his horse, on the twenty-first of January, 1841, in the fiftieth year of his age and the twenty-first of his reign, and died equally detested by Christians and heathen. He was succeeded by King Tieu-Tri, his son, a weak prince; and for a time the

persecution ceased. The edicts, however, still had a legal force, though they were not executed, and after a certain lapse of time the former persecution was renewed, with this difference, that no executions were made. The reason of this forbearance is to be found in the fact, that the European flag had lately been seen on the coast, and the thunder of English cannon heard in China. The king feared the vengeance of the French, who did in fact interfere for the liberation of five missionaries. The corvette *La Heroine* sailed into the harbor of Turon on the twenty-fifth of February, and Captain Leveque compelled Tieu-Tri to yield up the five European priests, who were conducted in triumph to the shore, followed by a vast crowd of Christians and heathens. These brave men wished to be landed again secretly, but the captain would not consent. The tyrant revenged himself by imprisoning in the following year Mgr. Lefebvre, Vicar-Apostolic of Western Cochin-

China, who was soon set at liberty by Admiral Cecile. The Annamite court looked however on the moderation of the French, in omitting to take signal revenge on them, as a sign of weakness, and the king resolved to destroy the next party of Frenchmen who came to trouble him, by stratagem. Accordingly, on the arrival of two other French men-of-war in the harbor of Turon, on the eighteenth of March, 1847, all things were arranged for the assassination of the officers at a festival, and for surrounding and burning the ships. Happily, the plot was discovered, and Captain Lapierre punished the treacherous monarch by destroying his entire fleet. The weak Tieu-Tri, revenged this disaster by a terrible destruction of watches, clocks, and looking-glasses in his palace, and by the slaughter of a great number of painted or pasteboard figures of Frenchmen, whom he fired at with balls and javelins, and afterward cut in pieces with his sword. Exhausted by

- the fatigues of this campaign, the redoubtable monarch sank into the tomb of his ancestors, on the fourth of October, 1847.

He was succeeded by the present king, Tù-Dúc. This prince has never been inclined to persecute, and has been simply an instrument in the hands of some powerful courtiers, who were formerly counsellors of Minh-Menh. At the beginning of his reign he released all the Christian prisoners; but afterward, by the bad advice of the before-mentioned courtiers, renewed the persecution. In the year 1850, the persecution was stopped by the breaking out of the cholera. In times of pestilence, Catholics, and especially priests, are always respected. It was so in this case. The pestilence raged most violently, especially in the capital. The magistrates fled; the courts of justice were closed; courtiers, Mandarins and their satellites disappeared. The king shut himself up in the interior of his palace. The Chris-

tians alone were courageous, and active. There was no one now to molest them, or to drive them from the desolated streets and squares of the city. By the favor of the cholera they were supreme masters. They watched by the sick heathen day and night, erected hospitals, took care of the orphans and buried the dead. Many of the heathen were converted in their last moments by the spectacle of their charity. The priest, also, who for many years had never been seen in public except when he ascended the scaffold, went every where on his mission of mercy, and was welcomed, venerated and praised by all as an angel of God. The ceremonies of the Catholic Church were performed in open day at the burial of Christians, the cross carried through the streets, and priests accompanied the processions in surplice and stole, chanting aloud the prayers of the Ritual. When the plague subsided, however, they had to return to their concealment, and the

former persecutions were renewed. Two European priests have been martyred since that time, Rev. Messrs. Schoeffler and Bonnard, the former on the first of May, 1851, the latter on the first of May, 1852. The edicts of persecution are still in force, but the government is weary of its unsuccessful efforts to eradicate Christianity; the people murmur greatly at the oppression of the Christians, and there is a strong party at court in favor of mild and liberal measures. What the result may be remains to be seen. But the Annamite Church has flourished under her trials and sufferings; she has added many to the "cloud of witnesses," for the Catholic faith, and there is a fair prospect of the speedy conversion of this entire nation, whose population equals that of the United States.

The following table shows the state of the mission for the year 1855 :

Number of Catholics.....	500,000
“ “ Bishops.....	14
“ “ European Priests.....	57
“ “ Native Priests.....	286
“ “ Catechists (in five of the seven Vicariates) ..	547
“ “ Ecclesiastical Students.....	900
“ “ Female Religious—above.....	1,500
“ “ Annual Baptisms of adult Heathen.....	5,827
“ “ Annual Baptisms of Heathen Infants at the point of death.....	40,000

Z

Prayer to be said in Honor of the Holy Martyrs.

Antiph. The kingdom of Heaven is theirs ✠ who have despised this earthly life, and have attained to the rewards of the kingdom, and have washed their robes in the Blood of the Lamb.

V. Rejoice in the Lord, and be glad, ye just.

R. And triumph all ye who have a right heart.

LET US PRAY.

O God, who dost grant to us to celebrate the birth-days of thy Holy Martyrs, vouchsafe that we may also rejoice in fellowship with them in everlasting blessedness: through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

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